VISIT…

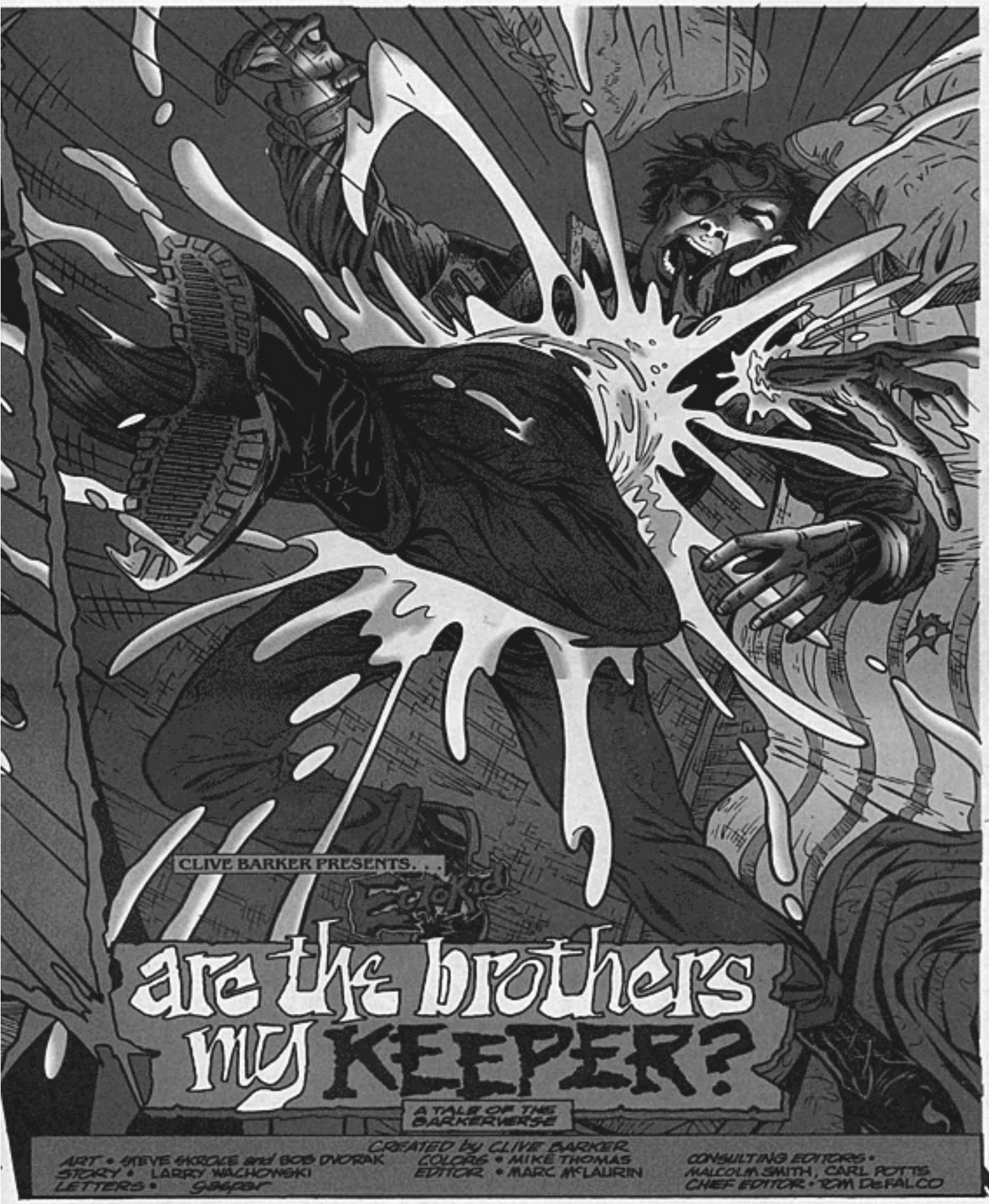
MARVEL
RAZORLINE
dec
$1.75 U.S
SUPER HEROES FROM THE MIND OF
CLIVE BARKER
Ectokid
THIS ISSUE:
DEX'S AMAZING NEW POWER REVEALED!
OBI
AT THE MERCY OF THE BROTHERS AUGUSTINE
DIRECT EDITION
SKROCE + DVORAK '93

MEET DEX MUNGO, SOMETIME THIEF, FULL-TIME STREET RAT; HALF-HUMAN, AND HALF-GHOST. ENTER HIS REALM, THE ECTOSPHERE — A WONDROUS AND OFTEN DEADLY PLACE OF FANTASY, HORROR AND GRITTY ACTION, BETWEEN THE HERE AND THE HEREAFTER.

DEX MUNGO'S BODY SLOWLY WASTES AWAY, WAITING FOR THE RETURN OF THE ECTO-PLASMIC CONSCIOUSNESS THAT SOME WOULD CALL HIS GHOST OR PERHAPS HIS SOUL.
HE SENT HIS GHOST INTO THE REALM OF THE DEAD TO LOOK FOR HIS FATHER.
NOW HIS GHOST IS BEING SENT BACK.
ALL AROUND HIM IS THE SOUND OF RENDING MEM-BRANE...
VIOLENTLY.

ECTOKID™. Vol. 1, No. 4, December, 1993. Published monthly by MARVEL COMICS. Terry Stewart, President. Stan Lee, Publisher. Michael Hobson, Group Vice President, Publishing. OFFICE OF PUBLICATION: 387 PARK AVENUE SOUTH, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10016. **Application to mail at second class rates is pending in New York, N'Y and at additional mailing offices.** Published monthly. All ECTOKID material copyright © 1993 Clive Barker. All rights reserved. Price $1.75 per copy in the U.S. and $2.25 in Canada. Subscription rate for 12 issues: $21.00 U.S.; $33.00 foreign; and Canadian subscribers must add $8.00 for postage and GST. GST #R127032852. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. This periodical may not be sold except by authorized dealers and is sold subject to the condition that it shall not be sold or distributed with any part of its cover or markings removed, nor in a mutilated condition. ECTOKID (including all prominent characters featured in this issue and the distinctive likenesses thereof) is a trademark of CLIVE BARKER. POSTMASTER: SEND ADDRESS CHANGES TO ECTOKID, c/o MARVEL COMICS, SUBSCRIPTION DEPT., 387 PARK AVENUE SOUTH, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10016. Printed in Canada.

AHHHHHHHH
KKSPLATZ!!

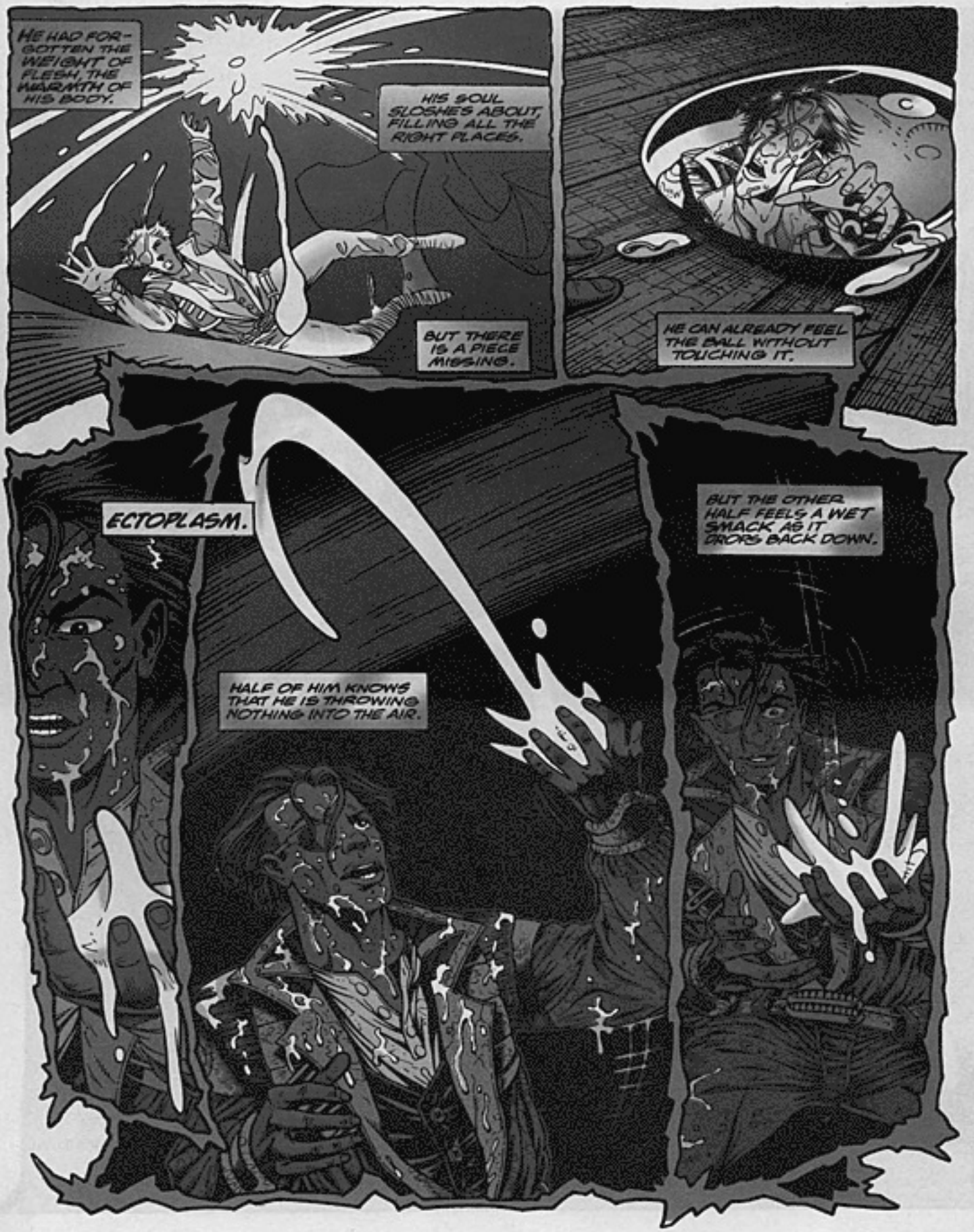


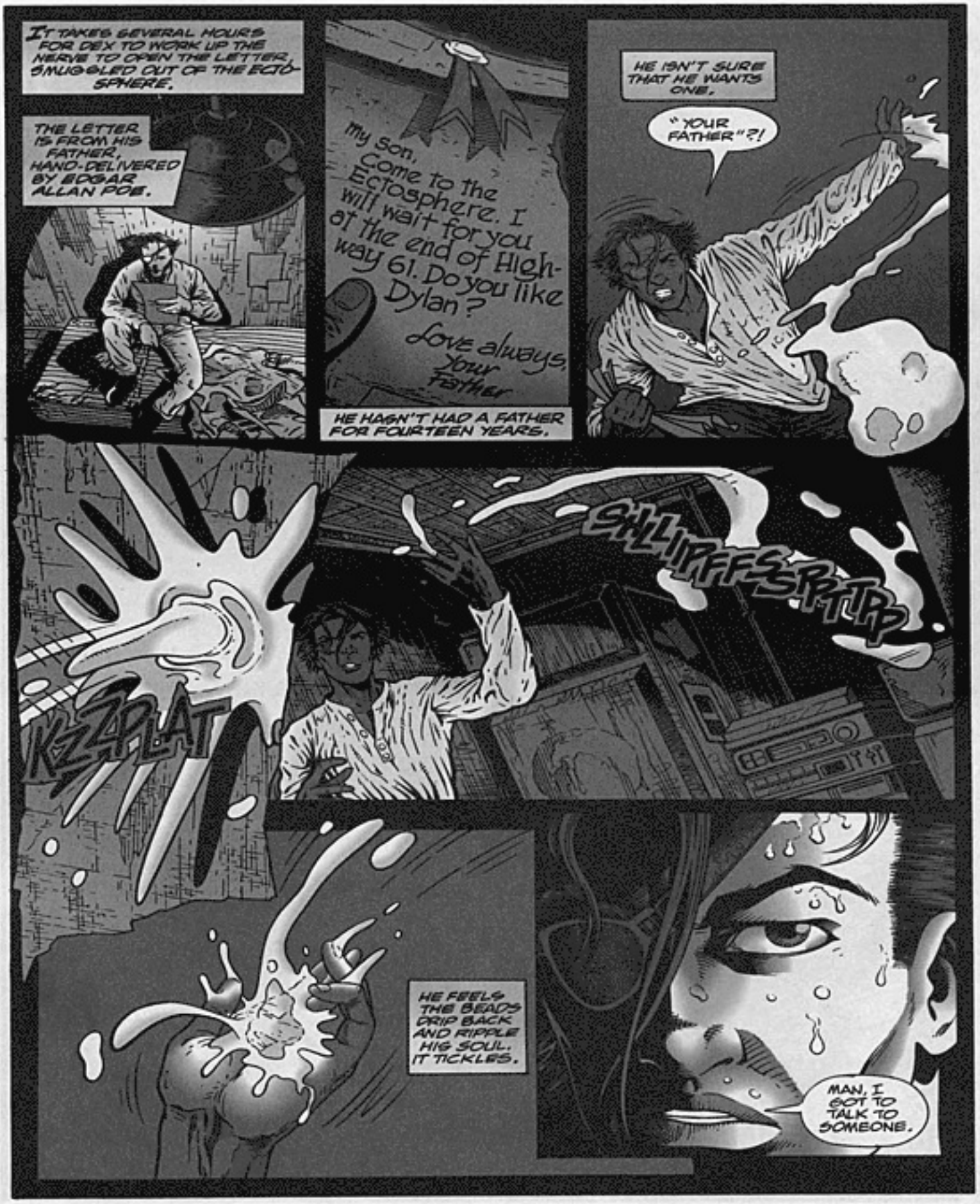
CREATED by CLIVE BARKER

ART • STEVE SKROCE and BOB DVORAK
STORY • LARRY WACHOWSKI
LETTERS • GAGNON

COLORS • MIKE THOMAS
EDITOR • MARC McLAURIN

CONSULTING EDITORS • MALCOLM SMITH, CARL POTTS
CHIEF EDITOR • RON DeFALCO

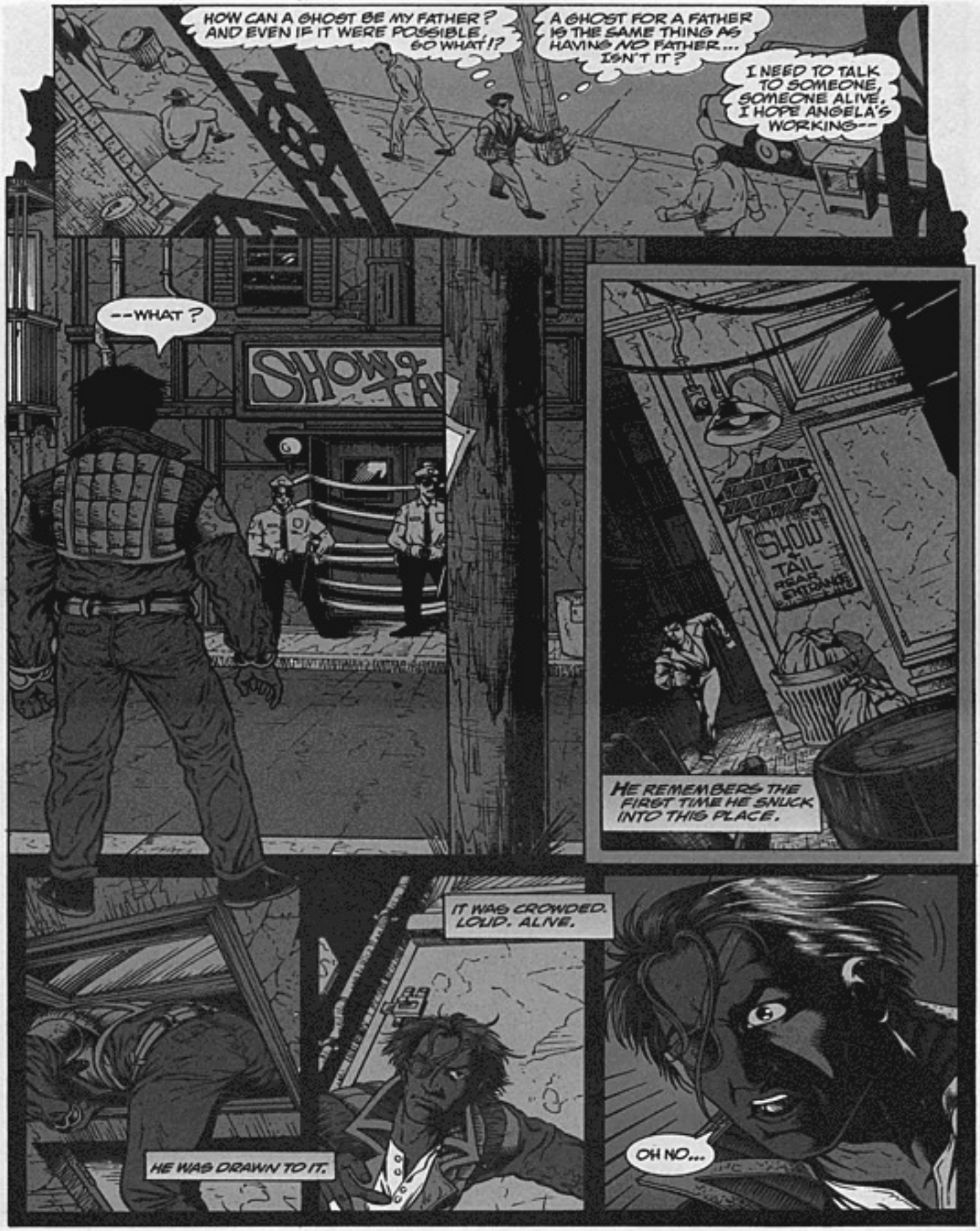

HE HAD FORGOTTEN THE WEIGHT OF FLESH, THE WARMTH OF HIS BODY.
HIS SOUL SLOSHES ABOUT, FILLING ALL THE RIGHT PLACES.
BUT THERE IS A PIECE MISSING.
HE CAN ALREADY FEEL THE BALL WITHOUT TOUCHING IT.
ECTOPLASM.
HALF OF HIM KNOWS THAT HE IS THROWING NOTHING INTO THE AIR.
BUT THE OTHER HALF FEELS A WET SMACK AS IT DROPS BACK DOWN.

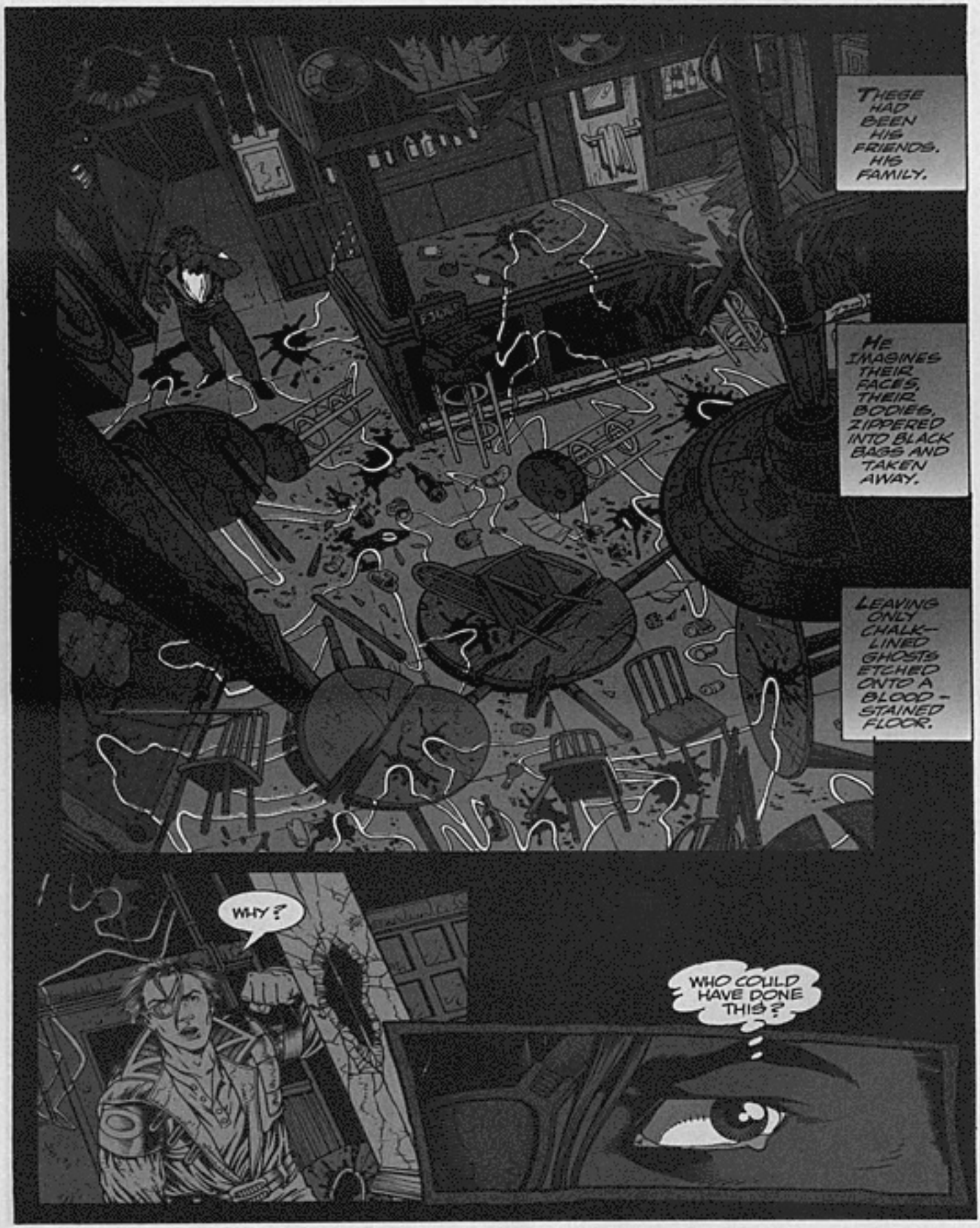

IT TAKES SEVERAL HOURS FOR DEX TO WORK UP THE NERVE TO OPEN THE LETTER, SMUGGLED OUT OF THE ECTOSPHERE.
THE LETTER IS FROM HIS FATHER, HAND-DELIVERED BY EDGAR ALLAN POE.
My son, Come to the Ectosphere. I will wait for you at the end of High-way 61. Do you like Dylan?
Love always, Your Father
HE HASN'T HAD A FATHER FOR FOURTEEN YEARS.
HE ISN'T SURE THAT HE WANTS ONE.
"YOUR FATHER"?!
SHLIPFFSSPTTTPP
KZZAPLAT
HE FEELS THE BEADS DRIP BACK AND RIPPLE HIS SOUL. IT TICKLES.
MAN, I GOT TO TALK TO SOMEONE.

FOR DAYS THEY HAVE SEARCHED THE INIQUITY OF NEW ORLEANS' FRENCH QUARTER.
ICE AUGUSTINE IS TIRED OF CLEANING THE BLOOD FROM HIS FINGERNAILS.
NOW HE SAILED KNOWING THAT THE SEARCH IS OVER. DEX MUNGO WILL SOON BE THEIRS.
GOOD EVENING, MRS. MUNGO.
MY NAME IS ICE. HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO GO FOR A LITTLE RIDE?
DON'T WORRY, PRETTY LADY. I AM A CERTIFIABLE PHYSICIAN.
AND LOOK-- WE'VE BROUGHT YOU SOMETHING NICE TO WEAR.
WHAT IN THE DEVIL IS GOING ON HERE?
OH MY. THE AUTHORITIES.

HEY MAN, COME ON, I GOT A FAMILY!
GOOD.
KRAK
PLEASE, WAIT...
KRAK
KRAK
KRAK
KRAK
KRAK
I THINK YOU CAN STOP NOW!
UH--YOU DEAD NOW?
OKAY.

LET'S TAKE YOUR TEMPERATURE.
MUST BE NICE BEING A GHOST. GHOSTS CAN WALK THROUGH WALLS. I WANNA BE A GHOST SOME DAY.
SINCE THEY WERE CHILDREN, TOM COULD SEE THINGS THAT ICE COULD NOT.
WHILE IT DROVE ICE CRAZY THEN--
IT MADE HIM FRATRICIDAL NOW.
WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING?
UH, JUST A LITTLE GAME, ICE. DON'T BE SORE.
WHAT DID I TELL YOU, HUH?
NO TALKING TO GHOSTS.


HOW CAN A GHOST BE MY FATHER? AND EVEN IF IT WERE POSSIBLE, SO WHAT!?
A GHOST FOR A FATHER IS THE SAME THING AS HAVING NO FATHER... ISN'T IT?
I NEED TO TALK TO SOMEONE, SOMEONE ALIVE. I HOPE ANGELA'S WORKING--
--WHAT?
SHOW
SHOW TAIL
REAR ENTRANCE
HE REMEMBERS THE FIRST TIME HE SNUCK INTO THIS PLACE.
IT WAS CROWDED. LOUD. ALIVE.
HE WAS DRAWN TO IT.
OH NO...


THESE HAD BEEN HIS FRIENDS. HIS FAMILY.
HE IMAGINES THEIR FACES, THEIR BODIES, ZIPPERED INTO BLACK BAGS AND TAKEN AWAY.
LEAVING ONLY CHALK-LINED GHOSTS ETCHED ONTO A BLOOD-STAINED FLOOR.
WHY?
WHO COULD HAVE DONE THIS?

OH NO... PLEASE NOT ANGELA...
THAT'S WHERE THEY FOUND ME.
HUH-- ANGELA!?
HI, CHA.
OH THANK GOD, ANGELA, I THOUGHT YOU WERE--
--WHA--?!
I'M SORRY, MY LITTLE CHA. I AM DEAD.
I'VE BEEN WAITING, I DIDN'T KNOW IF YOU'D BE ABLE TO HEAR ME OR SEE ME...
...BUT I KNEW THAT I HAD TO WAIT FOR YOU BEFORE I COULD LEAVE.

WHO DID THIS?
I DON'T KNOW WHO THEY WERE. I'VE NEVER BEEN EITHER OF THEM.
ONE OF THEM WAS VERY BIG. HE BROKE MY ARM LIKE IT WAS NOTHING.
BUT IT WAS THE THIN ONE THAT SCARED ME.
ALL THEY ASKED ABOUT WAS YOU, DEX.
THEY ASKED EACH OF US. THEY TORTURED US AND WHEN THEY DIDN'T HEAR WHAT THEY WANTED, ONE BY ONE THEY KILLED US.
THEY HURT ME, CHA... I'M SO SORRY...
HURRY, DEX. HURRY...
...BUT I TOLD THEM ABOUT YOUR MOTHER...
OH GOD.
...TO MAKE THEM STOP, I TOLD THEM WHERE SHE WAS.

I PRAY THERE IS STILL TIME.
THE SHADOWS OF THE ROOM GROW VISCOUS, BREATHING LIKE BLACK RUBBER.
I'M READY NOW.
I HAD TO TELL YOU, CHA. THAT'S WHY I WAITED. I'M SO SORRY... I'LL MISS YOU MOST OF ALL.
THEY ARE THE ATHERTIES.
EXIT
IT WAS THEY WHO EXPELLED DEX FROM THE ECTOSPHERE.*
THEY ARE THE ESCORTS TO THE ECTOSPHERE, THE GUARDIANS OF ALL GATEWAYS.
* LAST ISSUE --marc.
SHE FALLS INTO THE SHADOW WORLD WEIGHTLESS--
--AND FREE.

HEY YOU STINKIN' PUNK!
FOR SO MANY YEARS, HIS MOTHER HAS SEEMED DEAD, HER LIFE DRAINED AWAY BY PILLS AND NEEDLES.
BUT NOW THE IMAGE OF HER BODY, STILL AND SILENT, ECTOPLASM FLOATING UP AND AWAY--
--TERRIFIED HIM!
"ONE OF THEM WAS VERY BIG."
MOMMA?
"BUT IT WAS THE THIN ONE THAT SCARED ME."
STOP!

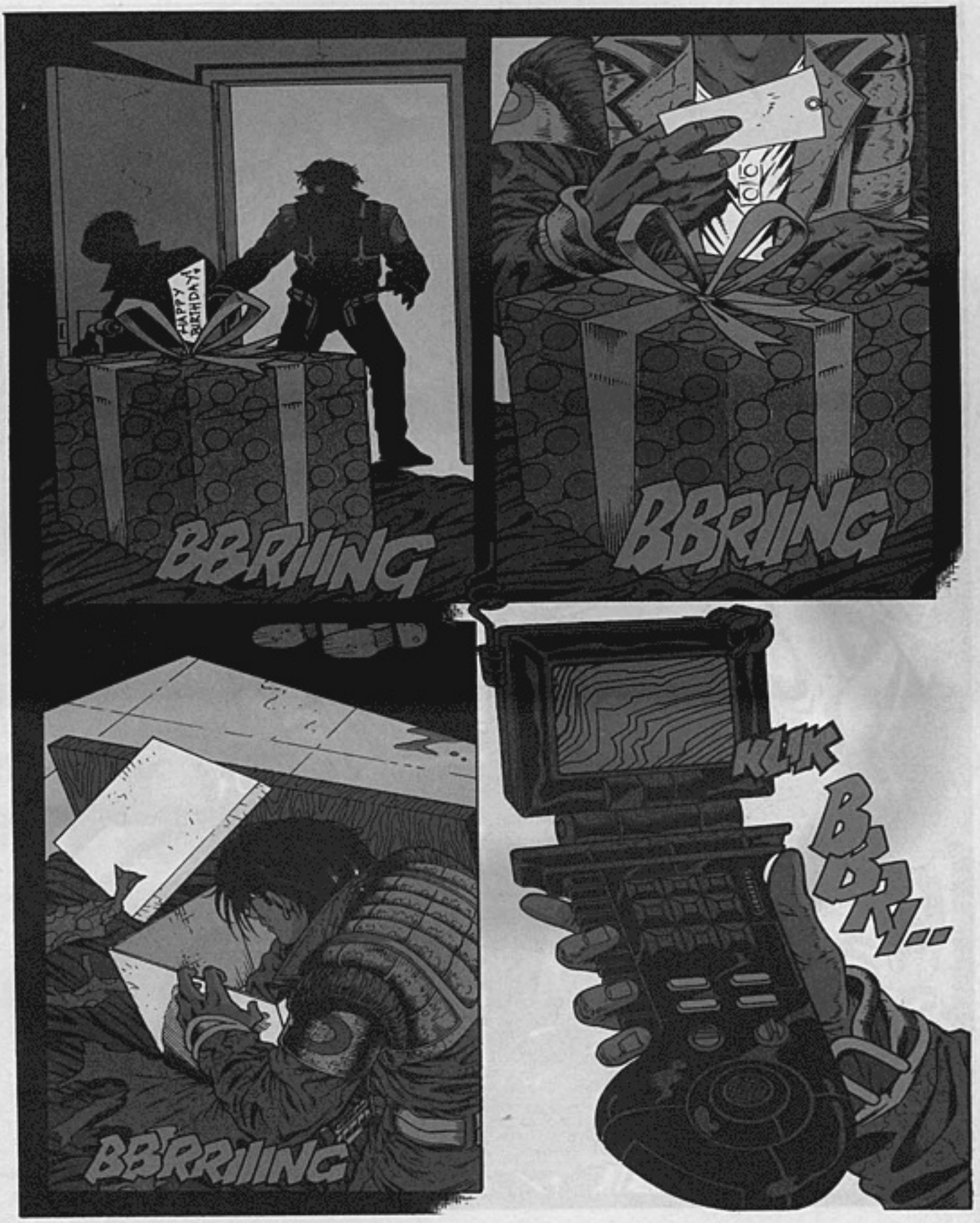
EH--? I BELIEVE THIS COULD BE THE LITTLE FREAK HIMSELF!
MURDERERS!
OH GOSH, I'M SOOOOO SCARED.
TOM, WHY DON'T YOU GO AND INTRODUCE YOURSELF.
BOTH DEX AND TOM SEE THE SPIRIT PASS THROUGH THE WALL, TRYING TO STOP--
NO! DON'T!
TEEHEE.
--WHAT HE KNOWS HE CANNOT.
PLEASE-- THEY'LL KILL YOU!

KSHPLUSH
THAT WAS FUNNY.
IF YOU WANT HIM TO LIVE, YOU'LL SHUT UP AND SIT STILL!
DEX? IS THAT MY DEX?
DEX!

HI, GHOST-BOY. I'M TOM, PLEASED TO--
KRUNCH
--MEEEET YAARRGH!
NOT SO FAST!
LET ME GO! PUT ME DOWN!
YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE COME HERE, GHOST-BOY. YOU'VE RUINED THE SURPRISE!
BRAK!

NOW I GOTTA KNOCK YOU OUT-- HEY! YOU GOT ONE EYE JUST LIKE ME!
GROPING WILDLY FOR SOME KIND OF WEAPON, DEX FEELS THE GHIMMERING JELLY FILL HIS HAND. ECTOPLASM--
RAAGHH!
--THAT SMASHES LIKE A ROCK AGAINST TOM'S SOUL.
OHHHHH... WHAT WAS THAT?

MOMMA!
NO! DON'T HURT HER!
WHY ARE YOU DOING THIS?
MY NAME IS ICE AUGUSTINE. I HAVE A FEELING THAT WE ARE GOING TO BECOME VERY SPECIAL FRIENDS!
RUN, DEX! RUN, CHILD!
THAT WAS FUNNY.
SHUT UP, TOM, AND CLOSE THE GATE!
WE LEFT YOU A SURPRISE IN HER ROOM.
IF YOU EVER WANT TO SEE HER ALIVE AGAIN, YOU'LL KEEP IT WITH YOU, ALWAYS!
WHAT DO YOU WANT FROM ME?


HAPPY BIRTHDAY!
BBRIING
BBRIING
BBRRIING
KLIK
BBRR...

HELLO, BOY.
LET HER GO.
I DO WHATEVER I WANT, FREAK!
I RUN THIS SHOW!
ACT ONE, SCENE ONE.
YOU GET YOUR LITTLE HALF-BREED BUTT BACK INTO THE ECTOSPHERE!
FIND THAT LONG-HAIRED JOKE OF A FATHER, BECAUSE IF YOU DON'T GET THAT MACHINE FOR US--
--WE'LL START CARVING UP MOMMA, LIKE WE DID DADDY! DIFFERENCE BEING--
--THIS TIME YOU GET TO WATCH!

SSSHHHHH
SHHKKK
THEY MURDERED HIS FATHER.
AND HIS FRIENDS.
NOW THEY HAVE TAKEN HIS MOTHER.
IT SEEMS THAT THEY HAVE TAKEN EVERYTHING WORTH TAKING.
BUT HE VOWS TO HIMSELF THAT THOUGH THEY MAY DESTROY HIS BODY...
...THEY WILL NEVER TAKE HIS SOUL.
NEXT:
DEX IS TRAPPED IN A CARNIVAL OF SOULS--
SIR SIGMOID'S ARCADIA!

Please send all correspondence for RAZORLINE c/o MARVEL 387 PARK AVE. SO. NEW YORK, NY 10016

MARC McLAURIN - EDITOR
SPENCER LADD - ASST. EDITOR
MALCOLM SMITH - CONSULTING EDITOR

RAZORLINE

EctoKid

Marcus McLaurin

spirits in transition

Synchronicity is an amazing thing, like quicksilver of the ether, striking where you least expect and most need it. It's not the kind of thing you can depend on, but when it does hit, it's magic.

A bit of that magic is in the fertile mind of **Larry Wachowski.**

When searching for a replacement for James Robinson, Larry's name came immediately to mind as one of the most creative guys I'd ever worked with.

In issues to come, you'll see Larry's developing of Dex's power to degrees and in directions most of us never even thought of in passing. With this issue fully beginning Larry's tenure as writer, the changes and developments will come fast and furious.

Dex's power will soon undergo a development of several stages, each beginning to define the metaphysics that will make this book the most unique comic experience out there. What is Ectoplasm? Why does the Ectosphere resemble this world? If living creatures in this world pass beyond this world into that, what is beyond that? And what are the native denizens of that dimension?

These were some of the questions we postulated at the recent Razorline Confer-ence in San Diego, and the answers were shocking, almost as much as the lightning rapidity with which Larry had the answers ready.

Synchronicity. Some-times it works, and all is right with the world. Stick around and see what I mean.

Dear Ectostaff,

How to start? MOTHER AND SON was excellent. The best way to begin a new title is with an introduction to the storyline on the "same page" that its hero finds it all out. I like the idea of discovering what's happening as Dex does. It fully enhances the experiences.

Not to mention the beautiful work by Steve & Co. I'm looking forward to next issue.

Eric C. Graham
63 Melrose Avenue
San Francisco, CA 94131

Dear Marc,

Dex Mungo's "duality." If you will, has its drawbacks. Equal parts human and ghost, Dex can't completely understand what kind of mess he's been thrust into. This'll be a wild ride.

Streve Skroce's artwork reminds me a great deal of Paul Gulacy. Powerful, solid lines, very realistic images. Worth a 10 for sure.

Jacob Gilbert
118 4th Street, Apt. 1
Troy, NY 12180

Dear Ectokid,

This is a book I look forward to like no other book I read. It's off to a great start, but I'm bummed there's already going to be a new writer. Isn't it a little early? But I'm not *that* bummed. James Robinson is a great writer but this is a concept that should be easy to fly with, as long as the new writer can write. Which leads me to an important question, and actually the main reason I'm writing: who is this guy Larry Wachowski? I've never heard of him before. Not that I'm a comic book expert, but for everyone else on the Razorline team I've been able to track down a history. But not this guy.

Can you help me?

Ingrid Erickson
Bard College
New York State

Sure, Ingrid. Larry has written for HELLRAISER and NIGHTBREED and just recently wrote BOOK OF THE DAMNED IV. Elsewhere, Larry has been busy as a screenwriter. With the help of his brother, Andy, the team has written a number of scripts. Look for his name on your favorite films at theatres near you soon. Then again, if you're short the seven-fifty, get a bargain and enjoy his writing in the pages of ECTOKID. A monthly pleasure worth far more than the price of admission. Larry officially takes over the wheel this issue. Hope you like it! We sure do 'round here.

Dear Marcus and Malcolm,

I found ECTOKID #1 slightly strange. And you know what? I wouldn't have it any other way. This is more what I suspect most Barkerphiles expected when the news broke on the new Razorline titles. Mr. Clive is famous for his weird imagination and this series is starting out as a very weird trip indeed. And while it's too early to tell where this story is really going, I thought the least I could do would be to send a few raves in the direction of your current art team.

So far ECTOKID seems to have the nicest artwork of any of the new Barker books. I am not familiar with Steve Skroce or Bob Dvorak, but if this story is any indication, I'm sure readers will be seeing a lot more of their work. Steve has a twisted flair for the bizarre. At first glance I felt his grotesque figures appeared to be slightly on the humorous, almost cartoony side. However, as this tale progressed I slowly found myself mesmerized by his style. If you stop and think about it, the figures of our darkest dreams are usually distorted beyond any sense of normal reality. Steve presents his version of this realm of shadows in a very unique fashion. So by the end of this adventure, like Dex I'm sure, I found his grinning, drooling pursuers a bit more disturbing than at first. I also really got a kick out of the nasty little bat-winged cherubs; and the chilling scene on page 10 is simply *the* horror shot of the year. Nice job, guys. I'll be having nightmares over this one for a year.

Bill D. Middleton
1708 N. Prince Street
Clovis, NM 88101

Uncle Joe Skully (the fisherman) would call this creative team, "a keeper." Bill. We call them talented. Wait till you see next issue. Which leads us to...

NEXT:

Dex leaps back for Ectospheric adventure that reunites him with his father — and a demonic troll on both their tails! Quest starring James Dean, Janis Joplin, Sacco and Vanzetti!

CUTTING EDGE ALERT!
Next week HOKUM & HEX #4:

Earth's champion is thrown in Jail! And when the greatest hero of a bygone age turns up to the rescue, Trip Munroe will be freed, whether he wants it or not! It's the tragic return of Z-Man!

ELSEWHERE, ALONG THE RAZOR'S EDGE:
SAINT SINNER #4:

Called tragically back to Earth on unfinished business, the Saint Sinner is confronted by an undying evil loose in the Hudson river and on a Madison Avenue gone amok!

HYPERKIND #5:

The power of Paragon John! Plus, the most-asked Razorline question of the decade is answered (sort of) — as we reveal the status of the fifth power!!